

# INIQUITY DISPLAY'D:

O R,

*The Happy Deliverance.*

A

# P O E M.

---

Humbly Inscrib'd to the

*Right Honourable the Lord FINCH.*

---



*Fraser (Peter) of the Fleet Prison*

K

---

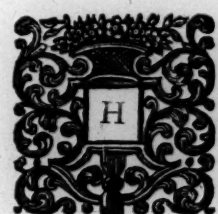
L O N D O N :

Printed for the A U T H O R. M D C C X X I X. *pro*





*My* LORD,



AVING no other Way to shew the Sense  
I have of Your Lordship's and the Ho-  
nourable Committee's Great Goodness and  
Justice in our Behalf, I humbly hope Your Lord-  
ship will be pleased to Pardon my Presumption, and  
accept this slender Attempt as an Essay of Gratitude,  
from one who will ever be, with the utmost Veneration  
and Respect,

*My* LORD,

*Your LORDSHIP's*

*Most Grateful,*

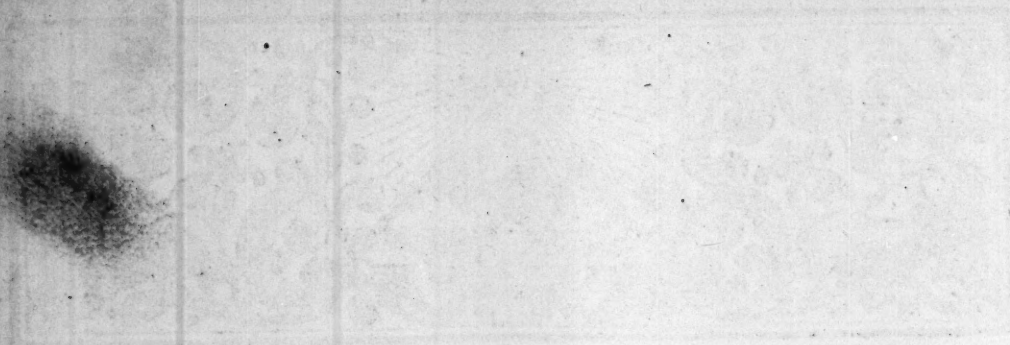
*Most Obedient, and*

*Most Devoted Humble Servant,*

Fleet-Prison,  
March 30.  
1729.

Peter Frazer.





1840

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
J. H. [Name]

NEW YORK

THE FORDS

NEW YORK

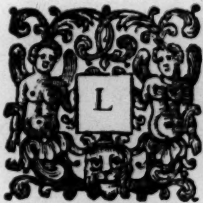
NEW YORK

NEW YORK

Peter Fraser



# INIQUITY DISPLAY'D.


**L** I K E the Unhappy *Israelites* distress'd :  
 Under tyrannick Officers oppress'd :  
 In Bondage, and accumulated Woe,  
 Compell'd a thousand Ills to undergo :  
 Forc'd to perform what Task they pleas'd t'impose,  
 Tho' opposite to Reason and the Laws ;  
 Or beaten, fetter'd, into *Dungeons* cast ;  
 Were left, without Remorse, to breath our last :  
 And if to Courts of Justice we apply'd,  
 Our Judges, to th' *Egyptian* Race ally'd,  
 Blind to their Kindred's Faults, despis'd our Pray'rs,  
 While *Dungeon* Floors grew moister with our Tears.  
 In this despairing, dismal, mournful State,  
 Not knowing how to mend our Cruel Fate,  
 We sigh'd and groan'd beneath the heavy Weight.

As *Angels* in Disguise, of old, came down  
 To visit Crimes unheard of, and unknown,  
 So heavenly Goodness prompted *You* to view,  
 If what was said concerning us was true :  
 Tho' *You* conceal'd, yet still my *Lord* we 'spy'd :  
 That Native Greatness, no Disguise can hide.  
 We bless'd the happy Omen, and foresaw,  
*Astrea* quickly wou'd o'er-rule the *Law*.

*Your Lordship* plainly at the first perceiv'd,  
 Sufficient *Misery* to be reliev'd.  
*Your* bright Example, *Oglethorpe* inspires ;  
 Like Goodness moves, and Indignation fires,  
 Incites the *Legislature*, to our Side.  
 Who cou'd not choose a fitter to *preside*.

On the next Morn the *Glorious Band* appears  
 Compassionate, and Wise beyond their Years.  
 With human Eyes, they view'd the doleful Scene :  
 Strictly enquire, what Practices had been.  
 Each *Villain's* Heart, a pannick Fear furrounds,  
 With sudden Joy, each *Injur'd* Breast abounds.



All but the hardned *pharaoh* and his Crew,  
 Profoundly shew'd, the Great Respect was due.  
 But he with Impudence, audacious stands,  
 Contemns their Pow'r, their Order countermands.  
 Justly incens'd, the *Legislature* shows  
 How they repent, when Villains dare oppose.

This Insolence but slight Impression made :  
 What Chilling Horror does each Mind invade !  
 When the black Cloud dispers'd, and Truth reveal'd,  
 The *hellish* Mysteries within conceal'd,  
 Shock'd and amaz'd, to find Iniquity  
 Could ever rise to such a high Degree,  
 Startled they stand ! scarce knowing how to invent  
 For Crimes so great, a proper Punishment.

In happy Time, *Your Lordship*, with *Your Rod*,  
 Came to our Aid, like *Moses* sent from GOD :  
 And just like *Aaron*, *Oglethorpe* appear'd.  
*Your Wonders*, in our Favour, we rever'd :  
 When Instruments of Death, in ev'ry Shape.  
 We saw prepar'd, nor knew the Means t' escape :  
 Our *Great Deliverance*, *You* kindly wrought ;  
 And thro' Incroaching Harms, and *Red-Seas* brought.

The

The Day on which our *Guardian Angels* came,  
 Shall in our Hearts be graven with *Your Name* :  
 With Hands uplifted, and with bended Knee,  
 We'll keep a Joyful, annual Jubilee,  
 Of ev'ry future Day, employ some Hours  
 In fervent Begging of the Heav'nly Pow'rs :  
 (Such Grateful Pray'rs can never prove in vain,)  
 To bless *Lords, Commons*, and Great *GEORGE's* *Reign*.

*F I N I S.*





